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TO OUR READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ISAAC DISRAELI, in his laboriously - compiled "Curiosities of Literature," observes that "a preface is as necessary to a book as a prologue to a play, or an overture to an opera." The elder Disraeli, be it parenthetically remarked, had not a very large acquaintance with music, for, in the earlier editions, he uses the word "symphony" instead of "overture."

Autres temps, autres mœurs, which may be freely translated as—"different London seasons, different American heiresses." Nowadays no drama, save that literary effusion, "Beau Austin," has a prologue. Overtures are consigned to the semi-oblivion of the florid school of Donizetti and Rossini. Verdi, for example, in his "Falstaff," raises the curtain at the fourth bar of the orchestration, and the first vocal phrase is begun at the eighth. So forcible a book as "The Wages of Sin" speaks its message to humanity unescorted by any artful attempt to woo the favour of the reader by means of matter subordinately relative to the subject, or by a leaf out of the self-conscious autobiography of the author.

But when a new magazine appears, permission for a brief editorial may assuredly be granted. The mass of periodical literature is so enormous that reasonable proof must be afforded before allowing any extra straw, however slender, to encumber the back of that over-burdened and over-written-for

animal, "The British Public." The editor has to appear before a vast assemblage of judges, whose faces he will never look upon, and—in legal phraseology—to "show cause" why he should spoil paper and add yet another to the long list "entered at Stationers' Hall."

The conventional plea is that the new craft, starting from the port of the Printing Machine and bound for the safe harbour of Popular Success, in the course of its voyage across the sea of Publication, supplies a "long-felt want."

But very often people are unconscious of their need of a certain article until it is placed within their grasp, and ever after they marvel how they did without it so long.

Our object is to make this little magazine indispensable. Many banjoists, mandolinists and guitarists steadily practise and play skilfully, yet have never bethought them of the necessity for a periodical in which they may read of the doings of their brethren, wherein instruction may be combined with amusement and the latest novelties, both in publications and instruments, can be brought to their notice.

Lovers of the "Jo"—as they affectionately term it—will not need to be reminded of the pleasant hours they have spent in the society of a friend who is silent save when touched, and who, unless he break his (heart) strings, will never fail to cheer. In the hands of a skilled player the banjo is capable of conveying the whole gamut of musical

expression to the ear of an appreciative listener. Commencing with the lively breakdown, redolent of cotton fields down Mississippi way, it bursts into a lively march to which the foot involuntarily marks time.

The wistful sadness of an old plantation melody arouses vague emotions. The jig, in its minor key, emphasizes the same feeling which is speedily dispelled by the brightness of that American importation—the "song and dance" tune.

Thus far can the Banjo appeal. Thus far and farther still. Musicians are awaking to the fact that noble combinations of sounds can be drawn from its strings. No instrument is its superior in modulatory effects at the hands of an artist.

And yet the banjo is so easy. Not easy to play scientifically for the "higher playing" is only to be attainable by prolonged application. But it is easy to acquire a sufficient degree of facility to afford enjoyment. On no other musical instrument of so high a class can musicianly and effective compositions be learnt in so short a time.

Let one thing be emphatically impressed upon our readers. Difficult music does not always afford the greatest pleasure. Musical fireworks are too apt to weary the spirit while astounding the brain. Simple melodies, played with delicacy and expression, every nuance receiving its adequate interpretation, are not beneath the attention of artists of the foremost rank.

A great musician once observed to the present writer that though there was a good fellowship among all musicians, an especially close bond appeared to unite banjoists. He was answered, firstly, that the jo was taken up voluntarily and at a more mature age than is the rule with votaries of other instruments, and further, that their delight was more active, their mutual rivalry keener and their sociability more genial than is usually the case.

There is no greater incentive to the promotion of this friendly comradeship than the establishment of banjo clubs and orchestras, in which 'prentice hands may contribute to the effect produced by masters of the art. One such combination — The Amateur Banjo and Guitar Orchestra—has been formed in London under the auspices of Messrs. Essex & Cammeyer and the leadership of Mr. Ralph Silber. Full details of its doings will be published, and the method of organising like combinations explained later on.

In America, these bands are to be heard in every important city, in some instances, on a colossal scale. Incidents in their careers, as well as the adventures of individual manipulators across the Atlantic, should prove of no small interest to our readers.

Mandoline players will, in each issue, find matter of interest. Compositions, especially written for them, will appear from time to time. Eminent performers will contribute instructive articles and furnish accounts of concerts.

The guitar will not be forgotten, and it may be utilised for the accompaniment of such songs as we may offer from time to time. Moreover, it may be regarded as the connecting link between banjos and mandolines, for in orchestras of each will this serviceable instrument find an indispensable position.

With the view of bringing to light latent talent, we shall shortly offer prizes for the best original compositions.

It may not be generally known that three journals devoted to the banjo have large circulations in New York and Boston. In this country, not to mention India and Australia, there are sufficient friends of the instrument to make our venture a triumphant success. To them we confidently appeal. More

than that, we ask not only for their support, but also for their assistance. Let *everyone*, who can furnish us with matter of interest,—and who cannot?—forward it to us. No scrap of news, no technical trifle, is so trivial that we cannot turn it to account.

We want provincial correspondents, colonial correspondents, foreign correspondents. We wish all our unknown friends to think: "what can *I* do to help." Send us suggestions, send us articles.

Our first act, in this very number, is to bring to the notice of our readers the Banjeaurine, an instrument widely popular in America, but utterly unknown in this country outside the Amateur Banjo and Guitar Orchestra, of which it is "the first violin" and leading instrument.

The Zither banjo, invented and first introduced into this country by Mr. Cammeyer, has become widely popular. Too strong a warning cannot be given against the many inferior and utterly worthless imitations now put forth by unscrupulous manufacturers as the Cammeyer Zither banjo. Amateurs should take warning or else they may buy experience and a rubbishing instrument at the same time.

For the present, at least, this periodical will be published at the uncommon interval of every two months. To allow a quarter of a year to elapse between our issues would be too long an interval. As yet, the time needed to keep our magazine up to the due standard of excellence cannot be devoted to it in a sufficiently large amount to permit its monthly appearance. Our ranks are but thin; for, as has been said above, we need contributors, correspondents, and, may we add, subscribers.

And so, until January, we bid you farewell. In our subsequent issues we hope to improve many details, the defects of which are apparent too late for correction in this number. Our experience has to be gained. Our trial-trip will not be so smooth as our subsequent voyages. Readers, help us to gain your kind support and co-operation. Not on our own merits do we appeal to you, but on the strength of our mutual links, our mutual delights—the banjo—the mandoline—the guitar.

IMPORTANT.

MESSRS. ESSEX & CAMMEYER wish it to be understood that this magazine is not brought out as an advertisement of their banjo studios, but simply to promote the interest of the banjo, mandoline and guitar. They extend a friendly welcome to all those working on the same lines, and beg them to help make this little periodical as useful and interesting as possible. Teachers and manufacturers will here find an unrivalled opening for advertisement. Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer, having so many claims on their time, have entrusted the management of this publication to an editor of integrity and high social standing, himself an experienced amateur banjoist, so that the slightest imputation of partiality is thus removed. To deserve praise at his hands, a thing must be good. If it deserves praise, praise it shall receive. He invites communication to be addressed to 59, Piccadilly, all of which shall receive careful consideration.

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—

		£	s.	d.
1 Column, 1 insertion	1	10	0
1/4 " " "	0	17	6
1 inch, 1 " "	0	5	0

Yearly advertisements are subject to 20 per cent. discount on above rates.

Advertisements under the heading, "Teachers of Banjo, Guitar and Mandoline," two lines, 5/- per Year; additional lines, 1/6 per line.

Advertisements under the heading, "New Music," one insertion, 4 lines, 2/-; additional lines, 6d. per line.

TEACHERS in town or country will always find us ready to welcome them, and glad to be of any use in showing points likely to increase the effects of our compositions, which they can, in turn, impart to their pupils. With us are no petty jealousies, for the world is big enough for all.

* * *

OUR "teachers' cards" column affords an excellent advertisement.

* * *

ALL lovers of the Banjo in the provinces or colonies are invited to send up items of news relating to Concerts, Clubs, or individual performers. This will prove very interesting to us at head quarters.

* * *

WE are ready to buy any really good Compositions suitable for the Banjo, but our invariable rule is not to publish anything we do not ourselves play, and thus advertise in the most effective manner.

PORTRAITS.—No. I.

MR. CLIFFORD ESSEX.

THE portrait of Mr. Clifford Essex, which we present on this page, forms the first of a series, including not only professionals, but also the most prominent amateurs of the day. We hope to make this a characteristic and interesting feature of the BANJO WORLD.

It was originally intended that Mr. A. D. Cammeyer should form the subject of the first memoir, but a severe attack of influenza unfortunately kept him from the clutches of the "Interviewer," and his counterfeit presentment will not appear until the next number.

Mr. Clifford Essex, with his accustomed good nature, stepped into the breach, and consented to be victimised, very shortly before the "copy" had to go to "press."

Having won his permission, it was still no easy task to catch him in a spare half-hour.

To begin with, his pupils occupy the greater portion of his time. The pretty ante-room at "59" resembles that of a fashionable physician, for no sooner has a pupil emerged from the inner sanctum than there seems one always waiting to fill the vacant place.

Having seen the last dismissed, it was to be hoped that he would now be at liberty.

Not at all. There is his correspondence (a large one) to be attended to, proofs waiting correction, and a thousand-and-one claims on his time. Always cheery and bright, his constitution seems capable of withstanding the double strain of hard work and late hours.

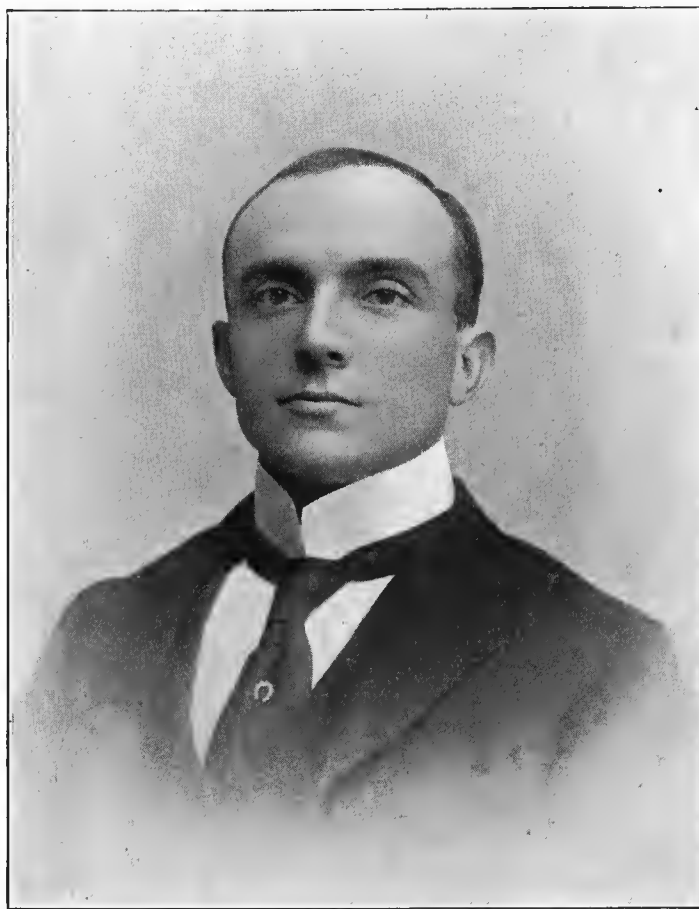
"Very late hours, sometimes," he himself observes, "for after a smoking concert, dinner, or other function, it is a longish drive to my house at Fulham."

But he prides himself on always being an early bird at the studio in the

morning, and to this attributes much of his success.

"I consider the banjo has been greatly handicapped by the erratic conduct of many of the 'professors,' who are ready to telegraph their inability to fulfil their engagements on the slightest excuse. They have only themselves to blame if they eventually find their pupils drop off, and we have certainly been the gainers."

Born in London in 1858, Mr. Clifford Essex soon showed a taste for music, and began the piano at a very early age. He purchased his first banjo at



MR. CLIFFORD ESSEX.

Rugby for the sum of fifteen shillings! "The piano I have not kept up much since, but my slight knowledge of it has stood me in good stead in my teaching, as I can accompany my pupils in their pieces, and thereby give them a better idea of how they are meant to sound."

Originally intended for a solicitor, on leaving school he was articled to a large City firm, and duly served his time.

He soon became one of the best known amateur banjo players in town, and, accompanied by his old friends,

Walter Pallant and Arthur Corbett, made frequent appearances in the cause of charity (as a ponderous album of Press cuttings and programmes testify).

"My first professional appearance was at Prince's Hall, at the Stock Exchange Nigger Concert. My engagement there was the more gratifying, because I had previously played for them as an amateur on several occasions, and among this excellent troupe were many of my personal friends. Since then I have played in every first-class concert hall in London, and at many theatrical benefits."

"No," in answer to a question, "I have never played at a music-hall, but I never miss hearing a banjo turn at one."

The lack of assumption about Mr. Clifford Essex is a great attraction, but it is rather carrying it too far when he gravely impresses upon me that he in no way considers himself a banjo soloist. "I get no time to practice, you see, and it takes a lot of this to keep one up to the highest standard. As a teacher, I am fully conscious of my ability, and my connection, having been made entirely by recommendation, speaks for itself." The numbers of engagements booked ahead emphatically proves that entertainment providers and the public do not share Mr. Clifford Essex's views on the subject of his solo playing. He is very proud—and justly so—of his quartette, consisting of Messrs. Ralph Silber, Percival Calkin, J. S. Pybus-Sellon, and himself, which for steadiness, united cohesion, and individual ability would take a lot of

matching either here or in the States.

"They are all old pupils of mine, too," he adds.

As a singer, the popular "Cliff." uses his expressive voice artistically, and with the refinement of a cultivated amateur (in the best sense of the word) rather than with the bland effrontery of the average self-satisfied professional.

His success with "Oyuchasan" has carried the song into thousands of drawing-rooms, and his novelty "Kohanasan," to his mind, is fully as good.

Genial as he may appear, Clifford

Essex is eminently practical. Perpetually on the look-out for fresh notions, he is literally alive with new schemes, and is not only hard-working but has a capital head for business. Whether managing the studios, organizing with his partner their annual concerts, attending to the publishing department, or arranging for taking his "Pierrot Banjo Team" on provincial excursions or to private engagements, he invariably contrives that his enterprise shall be profitable to himself, as well as pleasant to others.

He prides himself on bringing out the social side of the banjo's popularity, and encourages the spirit of *camaraderie* among his pupils.

He had long a pet project in his mind which he has now lived to see an accomplished fact, and a great success, viz., an amateur Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Club playing music properly scored, and a great advance on the old style of half-a dozen instruments "plunking" an air, to the "tum-tum" accompaniment of another half-dozen.

Over this he watches, guiding its destiny with unfaltering resolution. No work in connection with it is too trivial, and much unrecognized labour in the band parts is the result of his fertile pen.

Another bright idea of his was the BANJO WORLD.

"We *must* make it a success," said he.

Experience will show whether he has miscalculated, and whether the time is ripe for such a venture; he is full of it, and thinks it should do much to advance the popularity of the three instruments for which it caters.

Mr. Clifford Essex has a good deal to say about ladies as banjo students, and considers that they are, as a rule, quicker and more easily taught than men. Few, however, acquire a sufficiently strong touch.

"I had the honour of giving Miss Alice Walkinshaw some lessons, but so far as teaching went the only benefit she could have derived from me was to increase her already large *répertoire* and gain a few 'points.' She was kind enough to say many nice things, and dedicated to me her latest composition, which she called 'Essex Jig,' and a rattling good one it is too, and selling like anything. She is far and away the best lady player I ever met, and as a sight reader, should not think she has an equal. It was a grand contest between her and Mr. Ralph Silber, at Cammeyer's Amateur Competition, though worsted that year, she was victorious the next." Other lady pupils whom he has found especially clever are Miss Rudge, Miss Rose Garwood and Mrs. McIntosh, the trio of lady banjeaurine players in the Amateur Orchestra alluded to above.

In his good-natured way, Mr. Clifford Essex is not disposed to attribute his success only to his persistent energy (though he allows that to be an important factor), but he also desires to dilate on the kindness of those pupils who have assisted him and recommended him to their friends as a careful and painstaking teacher.

"The first to extend a friendly hand to me was Ralph Silber, for whom I entertain the warmest friendship, besides a profound admiration for him as a finished artist. Others who have done heaps for me, are Mr. Alfred Isenberg and Captain Alfred Morris. Don't forget to mention them for they have never forgotten me.

"The Pierrot Banjo Team—ah, yes, that was the luckiest notion of all, and has done a great deal for me in extending my connection, and bringing the banjo prominently before a number of people who would otherwise have been ignorant of its capabilities. It has, besides, been the means of making me some excellent friends. Originally started as a kind of practical joke at Henley Regatta, in 1891, it simply 'caught on' instantly. At Cowes Regatta, the same year, I was permitted to do a show to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a distinguished party, on board the Royal Yacht *Osborne*. After giving as bright a little entertainment as we could, we were commanded to give another the same evening, at the end of which both the Prince and Princess personally expressed their approval in the kindest and most flattering manner. The Prince appeared to appreciate the banjo thoroughly, standing close at hand the whole time, beating time with his foot, and asking for certain numbers in the previous show to be repeated." That made the fortune of the team; and their subsequent career on the river, in the Isle of Wight, at public concert, and private engagement, has been one unbroken success. "Say how very much we have appreciated the courtesy everywhere shown us, which we have done our utmost to return."

The "Pierrots" are four in number, Miss Dewhurst (Pierrette), the original Queen of Hearts, in the adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"; Jimmie Blakeley (son of the famous Criterion actor and comedian), the clever son of a clever father; Mr. W. Pepper (familiar in riverside circles), and Clifford Essex himself.

There is much more to be told. How he organised and conducted for two years the "Officers' Banjo Band," at Aldershot; how he pioneered high-class concert banjo music in the "Bijou Banjo Band"; and endless tales of adventure and incident in connection with the "jo." But Mr. Essex cannot give another scrap of time, the present interview having been snatched at stray

moments under pressure of business, and only on representation that the publication of his beloved magazine must otherwise be delayed.

"If I am interviewed, of course they will say I want to make it a means of personal advertisement, which is the last thing I desire; however, you can say we shall always be ready to give any other representative man a similar opportunity. And one thing more, say as little as you like about myself, but do dilate on the kindness of my friends. Good-bye."

GEE.

AN INVITATION.

THE popular time at "The Studio" seems to be from four to six in the afternoon, when the "cup that cheers" is around, and Cammeyer takes his "jo" in hand and picks away to the evident delight and surprise of those friends who drop in about that time.

Many a "wrinkle" is picked up and reserved for future use, whilst it shows our friends the quality of the music we publish, and which they are at once desirous of studying. Thus everyone is satisfied.

We extend a hearty welcome to all. Come and see us, and if you do not like us, do not come again, but if you do, come often and bring your friends. The more the merrier.

We have frequently the pleasure of entertaining ladies, and it is our endeavour to make their visits especially agreeable. For are they not the most devoted supporters of the banjo? What looks smarter than a pretty girl handling a banjo in a workmanlike—or work-womanlike—manner? It is not only decidedly up-to-date, but the superlative of chic. Much more so than the violin, which we never think looks suitable for a woman. The banjo shows off a pretty hand and arm, to say nothing of the dainty little foot marking time.

The average woman learns the banjo in half the time a man takes, partly because she is probably better grounded in music, partly because she devotes more time to practice, and partly, perhaps, because the majority of women have more musical aptitude than belongs to the more prosaic sex. Such at least is the experience of Mr. Clifford Essex, who probably has the largest teaching connection in London at the present time, and judging by the performances of some of his fair pupils, we should say he is about right. *Place aux dames.*

CLIFFORD ESSEX.
A. D. CAMMEYER.

GRAND BANJO CONCERT.

MESSRS. ESSEX and CAMMEYER have much pleasure in announcing that their next banjo concert will take place on the 6th December, 1893, at Prince's Hall. This will be fully up to the standard of their previous concerts, and will contain some items of especial interest to players of the banjo, mandoline, and guitar. The "Amateur Banjo, Mandoline, and Guitar Club" are hard at work rehearsing, and among other things, will play the "Baiser d'Amour" waltzes, the most difficult work they have yet attempted. Call at 59, Piccadilly, or write for full particulars. All lovers of the banjo, mandoline and guitar should support these concerts, at which nothing but the highest class is given. Read what the *Star* man said about the last. Praise from him is rather difficult to obtain, as he is inclined to be "down" on things in general. A full account of the concert will be contained in our next number.

MESSRS. ESSEX and CAMMEYER'S banjo concert at Prince's Hall, on Monday evening, was a most successful entertainment.

"Mr. Cammeyer may be termed the Paderewski of banjo players, the zither-banjo in his hands becoming a really serious musical instrument; and, to those who have only heard the average amateur banjoist, this comes as somewhat of a revelation. He has extraordinary technical powers combined with real artistic feeling. The numbers we liked best were his selections from the *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the 'Coconut Dance,' the latter being amongst the most recent of his charming compositions.

"Mr. Cammeyer was remarkably well accompanied on a Steinway grand, and played standing. It may be remarked that the Cammeyer zither-banjo consists of an ordinary banjo enclosed in a wooden sounding-box and strung with fine wire strings, and great cunning being required in its construction to preserve the delicacy of tone.

"Among other good 'turns' to be remarked were the 'banjo quartettes' of the Stavordales, the vocal banjo quartettes of the part singers, the novelettes of Mr. F. Upton, and the playing of Messrs. Essex and Cammeyer's banjo

orchestra, consisting of upwards of thirty lady and gentlemen amateurs, provided with piccolo banjos, second banjos, mandolines, and guitars. Mr. Fred Lindo's imitation of Beerbohm Tree was clever."—*Piccadilly*, May 11th, 1893.

"THE 'JO' IN EXCELSIS."

"THE *Star* man had an eye-opener last night. You see he had always regarded the "Jo" as a one-horse kind of weapon, that when it had done its "Hing-ping-a-pung-pung" four or five times over, and wound up with an extra double-barrelled "pung" as a sort of finale, it had said all it knew. This hallucination was due partly to the Margate nigger, and partly to the musical undergraduate, whose soul had soared beyond the posthorn. But the *Star* man has changed his mind now. And that happened in this way. A dashing young stockbroker of his acquaintance whose natural accent is perfection, has been going up West of late for lessons in twang—at least, so his friends said. The *Star* man supposed he had been captured by the coster craze, and politely forbore to allude to the subject, until yesterday, at luncheon time, the disciple of Saint Contango, breaking it gently that he was going to be on view in the evening at a show at the Prince's Hall, forced a ticket into his tail pocket. The *Star* man had heard a whisper of a forthcoming travestie of the "Cavalleria" played entirely in the language of the Old Kent Road, and jumping to the conclusion that this was the function to which he was bidden, turned up in due course at the rendezvous. But oh! what a surprise! It was not the twang of the Chevallierean prototype that burst upon his enraptured ear, but the melody of many strings—piccolo banjos, guitars, first banjos, mandolines, second banjos, banjeaurines, and zither banjos—in fact a full band of band-joes. And there were no niggers visible, and no undergraduates—at least, if there were, they were behaving properly. The orchestra consisted entirely of human beings.

"The hall was filled with a polite audience of fair women and brave men, all in the tastiest of full dress. There was no smoking, and perfect order prevailed. And all on account of the banjo. It was a banjo concert pure and simple, except when the *vox humana* was having a turn. The program contained 18 items, and there were any number of encores. And all on account of the banjo. But stop, is that quite correct? Had not the artist something to do with it? What do you think? The concert was arranged by Messrs. Clifford Essex and Alfred D. Cammeyer,

of 59, Piccadilly, a picked cohort of whose pupils formed the band, whilst brother professionals also lent a friendly hand. Mr. Cammeyer, or "Cammy," as they all call him, is an American and a sportsman, and he plays the banjo like an angel. It is a zither banjo, and what is more the "Cammeyer" zither banjo. The *Star* man used to look on Cardinal Wolsey as a great man because one of the back streets in his native village was named after him. But what price Wolsey after that? He never gave the distinctive title to a Zither Banjo! But Cammeyer has done so, and no wonder at it. His performance of the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria" was simply marvellous—violin, harp and 'cello combined could not have done more with it. He played several other delightful things, all masterpieces of execution and effect, and completely disillusioned the *Star* man as to the limits of the despised "Jo." The Stavordale Banjo Quartet, with other combinations of twos and fours, and the amateur orchestra aforementioned, supplied the rest of the instrumental portion, whilst the Schartau part-singers, Mr. Fred Upton's unique "novelette" recitations, Mr. Frank Lindo's clever imitations of actors, and two comic songs by his father's own son, Mr. James Blakeley, completed a really excellent show."—*Star*.

GUITAR HARMONICS.

SEÑOR E. SALMERON, the great Spanish Guitarist, introduced into this country by Señor Sarasate, will appear at the Grand Banjo Concert at Prince's Hall, next month.

LOVERS of the guitar should not miss the opportunity of hearing this great master of the instrument.

His rendering of Spanish and Moorish dances, is indeed, a revelation.

MESSRS. ESSEX & CAMMEYER are publishing guitar accompaniments to many of their favourite Banjo Solos.

Mr. A. F. CRAMER, the eminent guitarist, finds his instrument is more prominent than ever, and is a great advocate of it as an accompaniment to the banjo and mandoline.

HAD it not been for his serious illness, an article from his pen on the guitar, would have appeared in this number.

IN Mexico the guitar universally played has seven strings.

SANDOWN SCHOTTISCHE.

BANJO SOLO.

By JOE MORLEY.

Composer of the "Violet Mazurka."

BANJO.

5th P..... slide

2 B.....

2 PB

TRIO.

3 B 2 PB 3 PB.....

1 PB.....

1 PB.....

Also published with Pianoforte Accompaniment and 2nd Banjo Accompaniment, price 2/- net.

Messrs. ESSEX & CAMMEYER, 59, Piccadilly, W.

THE BANJO WORLD.

7

3 B 2 PB 3 PB..... 1 PB.....

1 PB.....

5th P slide

2 B..... 2 PB

FINE

THE DARKIES' PATROL.

MANDOLINE SOLO.

Arranged by CLIFFORD ESSEX.

INTRODUCTION.



MARCH.



Pianoforte accompaniment. 2/- net.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in G major. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 8/8. The music is written in a single melodic line. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a section marked with an asterisk (*). The fourth staff features a first ending bracket labeled "1st.". The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff features a second ending bracket labeled "2nd.". The seventh staff includes a double bar line and a section marked "CODA." with a diamond symbol. Below this staff is the instruction "D.C. to S then Coda." where "S" is a stylized symbol. The eighth staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

* When played with Guitar omit grace notes.

EN ROUTE.

BANJO SOLO.

MARCH.

By A. D. CAMMEYER.

INTRODUCTION. 

MARCH. 

MARCH. 8
10 PB..... 
roll. 9 P..... 


roll. roll. roll. 


10 PB..... 

9 P..... 
roll. roll. roll. 

roll. 
10 PB..... 
5 PB..... 

roll. 5 P..... 
FINE. 

TRIO.
3 PB..... 

CARDS of PRINCIPAL TEACHERS of BANJO, MANDOLINE and GUITAR.

ABBREVIATIONS.—"B.," Banjo. "M.," Mandoline. "G.," Guitar.

ASKEW, C. G.—B. M. & G.
Beeston, Nottingham.

BARNES & MULLINS.—B. M. & G.
Prince of Wales' Rd., Bournemouth.

CAMMEYER, A. D.—Zither-Banjo.
59, Piccadilly, W.

CHILD, MISS.—M.
11, Goldsmith Gardens, Acton.

CLIFFORD ESSEX.—B.
59, Piccadilly, W.

EMMETT, H.—B.
Preston.

LAMB, MISS GLADYS.—G.
20, Morella Road, Wandsworth
Common.

LAMB, W. T.—B.
16, Wellington Place, Dundalk.

MCDONALD, W. H.—B.
50, Prestbury Road, Macclesfield.

MILLER, A. T.—B.
5, Sidney Street, Cambridge.

NICE, W.—B. M. & G.
122, Fleet Street.

PEPPER, W.—B.
4, River Street, Putney.

SCHOFIELD, A. I.—B. M. & G.
55, Arcade Chambers, Manchester.

SIBLEY, C.—B.
55, Union Road, Nottingham.

SMITH, M.—B.
54, Queen Street, South Stockton.

SOMERTON, H.—B.
168, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury
Park.

TALBOYS, C. E.—B.
27, Cedars Terrace, Queen's Road,
Lavender Hill.

TURNER, R.—B.
"The Banjories," Infirmary Street,
Leeds.

VAUGHAN, T.—B.
174, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool.

WATSON, A. R.—B.
Clarendon Street, Nottingham.

OUR REGIMENTAL BANJO BAND.

By ST. JOHN SHADWELL CLERKE.

CERTAINLY none of us had ever credited Johnson with a soul for music. The very fact that he was an admirer (in private) of Blake's performances on the piano, was sufficient to disarm the most suspicious mind. Therefore, when he announced one night, after mess, that he had bought a banjo and intended to learn it at once, it came upon us with a shock of surprise, not to say grief. The adjutant, who was a very passable violinist, and, therefore could not be expected to receive the news with enthusiasm, looked up in pained silence. The Colonel, wary from past experience, simply expressed the hope that Mr. Johnson would not learn it in the ante-room. But through all our minds flashed the question, "whose doing is this thing?" And to all of us came the same answer, "Blake"! For Blake himself was an ardent admirer of that classic instrument, as might be testified by the fact that he not only possessed one himself, but had also persuaded Maxwell and little MacNamara to invest in a couple of bargains (second-hand) at the local music shop. These three designated themselves the Regimental Banjo Band, and met occasionally in Blake's room for practice.

Before the founding of the banjo band, Blake had expended his musical talent on the piano, to the intense misery of his neighbours—for he was a born musical genius—but having in his youth neglected the cultivation of the said talent, he was now fain to content himself with picking out music-hall airs with one finger, or playing popular waltzes with his own bass. Here it was that his talent especially showed itself; for, as he said, it is by no means an easy matter to extemporize your own bass. To be sure there was rather a lack of variety in them; and he only played in one key, but, nevertheless, even that much indicates the presence of a great taste for music.

Evidently it was his talent for the piano that inspired him with the necessary ardour to take up the banjo. Of course he wouldn't want lessons; with his genius he could teach himself, without any outside help. So he purchased various "banjo tutors" and began. Within a week he could tune his banjo really very creditably, and could therefore be said to have made a fair start. During the next month, he mastered three breakdowns; and, elated with his success, persuaded Maxwell and MacNamara to acquire the afore-mentioned "bargains," and join him in organising a banjo band.

He was now seeking more recruits, so we naturally attributed Johnson's musical turn to his influence.

As a matter of fact we were all completely wrong, and perhaps no one felt more surprised than Blake himself, for Johnson had always been in the habit of telling him to "stop that beastly tinkling," and to confine his talent to the piano.

No—the reason of it was, as I subsequently elicited from Johnson himself, that, while on leave, he had made the acquaintance of a divinity with beautiful eyes and a taste for the banjo, which found vent (the taste, not the eyes) more especially in "Home, Sweet Home," with impossible variations, which is a malady decidedly contagious, and Johnson took it badly, mentally pledging himself never to rest until this valuable accomplishment was his also. Accordingly he bought his banjo, and by way of a beginning, started at once on the tremolo movement. So he was in a fair way of becoming a finished soloist in the course of a few weeks.

It need hardly be said that the neophyte was welcomed by Blake and Co. with (metaphorically) open arms. There was a rush for inspection of the instrument. Presently the ominous tinkle fell upon our ears, and we knew that Blake's genius was asserting itself on the new banjo, so we all adjourned to the billiard-room—which a merciful Providence and a far-seeing architect had placed at the other end of the building—leaving the quartette to enjoy themselves with that rapture known only to great musical enthusiasts.

Now I cannot, with truth, say that I was pleased at Johnson's fad, for he was my subaltern, and, in my opinion, it is not possible for a man to divide his energies between his company duties and an absorbing passion for music—one of them must go to the wall—and I mentally decided that it should be the absorbing passion.

With this end in view, I took him severely to task the next day. But hardly had I begun, when he turned the tables, marched into the enemy's camp, and suggested enlisting me in the services of the banjo band. "You have a great musical talent, Carruthers," he said, (this was strictly true; I don't want to appear conceited, but if ever a man had a musical talent, this man is that man) "and it is a pity that you should waste it on the flute." (The flute, I must here admit, was the outlet of my musical talent.) He then pointed out that if the flute did not interfere with my company duties, the banjo could not possibly interfere with his company duties.

I finally admitted that there certainly were possibilities with the banjo, and that it *was* capable of great expression in the hands of a genius like himself, or Blake. My wavering being reported

to the other members, I was at once attacked by their combined forces, and allowed no rest until I had purchased a banjo, swelling the numbers of the band to five.

The next thing to do was to appoint a committee, (all good banjo bands have committees). Of course everyone thought that he had a special call for the presidency thereof, on account of his superior playing, (everybody in this band could play better than everybody else). However, it was finally decided that Blake was most entitled to that post of honour, as it was his brain that had conceived the stupendous idea. The committee was then elected as follows:—

President—Lieut. BLAKE (for reasons above).
Treasurer—Capt. CARRUTHERS (being senior).
Secretary—Sec. Lieut. JOHNSON. (He wrote a good hand; besides, the secretary had the most work to do, and he was very obliging.)
Stage Manager—Lieut. MAXWELL.
Assistant Stage Manager—Sec. Lieut. MACNAMARA.

The last two appointments were rather superfluous; but we didn't like leaving Maxwell and Mac out in the cold, so invented fancy billets for them.

Of course the first thing suggested by the committee was that we should give a public performance. Blake, burning to show off his skill as soon as possible, suggested a date a fortnight hence; but he was outvoted by the majority, who argued that the other members had not his extraordinary talent, and so would require a little time for practice—say six weeks. To this our president reluctantly consented. The next thing to do was to select a piece for the band to play. Johnson, whose hitherto dormant talent was now constantly showing itself, desired to "work up" the "Wedding March," which was already in a suitable key, and would present no difficulties. However, we decided that it would be above the heads of the audience, so we fell back upon our old friend, the "Hyde Park" March, which, as Blake already knew the first part, we could all learn in a very short time. Of course we were certain to get an encore. So Blake very kindly promised to arrange some of his breakdowns.

Then Johnson insisted that a solo would be necessary, at which Blake's face brightened, but fell again when Johnson went on to explain that by that time he expected to have mastered "Home, Sweet Home," with all the variations, especially the tremolo. From the expression on Blake's countenance I have always had an idea that he expected to supply the solo, but being modest he said nothing.

Then I was to contribute a solo on the flute, Mac would sing an Irish song, with banjo accompaniment—which the ever-obliging Blake would arrange. These items, together with a little help from our regimental funny man, and with Mrs. Walker, the wife of our senior captain, at the piano, made up a very respectable programme.

During the next six weeks we spent all our available time in practising. We had discovered a man in the town who gave lessons, and as we had not all the talent that Blake had, we decided to utilise him. He also promised to take part in the performance.

Towards the end of the six weeks everybody was talking about the forthcoming performance. We were, of course, questioned as to how the band was getting on, but maintained a modest silence.

It was better, we agreed, to take them all by surprise, so we did not let them know the degree of excellence we had attained, nor did we describe Blake's beautiful touch, as he led, in the "Hyde Park" March.

However, at length the day arrived. The gymnasium, where the great event was to take place, was really very nicely decorated. The piano (Blake's: he had had it tuned) was brought in, tastefully draped by Johnson, whose art appeared in other ways beside music; and several palms had been hired from the local florist to hide the baldness of the stage.

Now, it has always been a mystery to me why, on the eve, so to speak, of a great undertaking like this, misfortunes will always occur. The first blow fell when Maxwell said he was awfully sorry; but his great aunt was dying, and he must really go away on leave at once. The next blow came in the form of a telegram from our professional, who had met with an accident and would be unable to put in an appearance. Then, Johnson, in his over anxiety that his "jo" should have a good tone, tightened up the vellum to such an extent that it promptly split, and he declared he would be unable to play. However, we persuaded him to borrow Maxwell's; so, with many protestations, he consented.

MacNamara struck the next blow. He said he had caught a severe cold the night before and would not be able to sing. However, we all assured him that for an Irish song the voice or tune didn't matter, so long as he got the brogue all right. There was no fear of that going wrong, and, as he said, the only part of the words he was likely to forget was the tune, he was settled. Then our funny man got a wire acquainting him with the death of a near relative; but he promised to be as funny as possible under the circumstances. Last of all I found that one

of the silver keys had been broken off my flute by my servant while cleaning it.

Thus it was with decidedly dejected countenances that we—that is, the various performers—rose before mess was over, and, having obtained permission from the mess president, left the mess-room and betook ourselves to the gymnasium. A goodly house had assembled, which was encouraging, but as the men in the regiment were admitted at a merely nominal price, not surprising.

We reviewed the situation. Of the six original members of the band only four remained. My flute I had patched up, and hoped it would hold out. Johnson had done his best to understand the vagaries of Maxwell's "bargain," but was doubtful as to the result. Mac was cheerful, but decidedly husky. Altogether we seriously talked of returning the money at the door, and postponing our triumph; but Blake, who had friends in the front row, ardently looking forward (so he said) to his brilliant rendering of the "Hyde Park" March, was stern in his determination to do, or die!

So with a trembling hand I led Mrs. Walker on to the platform, where we received an ovation such as only Tommy Atkins can give. After a brilliant solo on the piano, Blake and I arranged four chairs, and then the Banjo Band made its first appearance on any stage. This was the signal for more applause, and we took our seats.

Now we had all agreed that it was best to tune up beforehand, in order to avoid that horrible discord so often produced by inferior Banjo Bands on the platform. We therefore made a brilliant start—but *something* was wrong. Clearly this was not the harmonious "Hyde Park." One by one we stopped, and mechanically began to tune up. The Banjos were all from half-a-tone to a tone-and-a-half flat—evidently from the cold in the "Green Room,"—so we began again, when an ominous "pop" announced another catastrophe. It was Blake's bass string. Again we stopped. After a whispered consultation, Blake and I exchanged banjos, and the Banjo Band was reduced to three, while I went off to repair the damage, to be ready for the encore. *It came!* Yes! though, to quote Mac, the only banjo that could be heard was the piano, yet those true, honest British soldiers raised a tumult that would only be appeased by our reappearance. By this time we were callous, and rushed at those breakdowns with a zeal not to be outdone even by the piano; and, having covered ourselves with glory, reluctantly retired, leaving the field to the funny man. Certainly the death of his near relation (I never heard *how* near) had no visible effect on his humour, and we listened jealously

to the laughter and applause which rewarded his efforts. Blake had gone round to the front to receive the congratulations of his friends. The remainder of us were receiving those of one another. When our funny man had delivered his third encore, Mac went on to sing his famous Irish song. Now whatever faults Mac may have, nervousness is not one of them, and I envied the calm and confident manner with which he marched on to the stage. He sat down and began at once to sing. Half way through the first verse he stopped, and, with great deliberation, walked to the piano, sat down with his back to the audience, and proceeded leisurely to tune his banjo. Next, finding the tone poor from the damp, he held the vellum over one of the paraffin footlights to tighten it. Of course two of the strings went, and he had to borrow my long-suffering banjo. This necessitated more tuning, and his audience began to grow impatient. At last, finding the banjo hopeless, after the compound fracture of two more strings, he sat down and sang his song—something about "Minding the cow when he was young"—to the piano, with an accompaniment of two chords. The ever-appreciative Tommies, however, were quite satisfied, and vociferously demanded more. Mac was quite willing to oblige, and, in fact, couldn't be persuaded to leave the piano till he had warbled four of his inimitable Irish ditties.

Next, Orpheus with his lute—or, rather, I and my flute, simultaneously appeared on the stage, where we were greeted by Tommy, impartial as usual. My solo was going very well indeed, when suddenly, to my horror, the defaulting key defaulted again, and the beautiful symphony of "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" modulated into a minor melody in ten flats! However, I had nothing to do but go on to the end; receiving the inevitable encore, which I really couldn't find courage to take. I suppose they thought it was Wagner, and didn't know the difference.

With bated breath we now awaited the appearance of our soloist. He came, but without that air of confidence which a great genius ought to have somewhere about him. Once before had I seen that look upon his face, namely, at general's inspection, when he was called out to drill a company on parade. With commendable courage he sat down and nodded to the pianist, who played the introduction. Then Johnson showed us what he could do; the only drawback was that the piano went too fast for him, and he had to call out to Mrs. Walker to play slower. I prefer it played moderately fast; but *chacun à son goût*, and I suppose his conception was to play it like a funeral march.

It would be unkind to criticise, any further, his performance, except to say that when he came to the famous tremolo movement, his fingers absolutely refused to tremol; but the piano came to his rescue by playing the melody loud enough to give him courage to go on. For an encore (for of course he got one) he played a breakdown which Blake had taught him from the first page of his tutor. This was rather a come-down after "Home, Sweet Home," with variations (including the famous tremolo movement, as played by all the leading English and American players), but, of course, he had not time to commit any other important work to memory.

Next, the band, by special request, repeated their performance of the "Hyde Park" march, then we all sang "God Save the Queen," and with many cheers for the performers individually, and the band collectively, the first performance of our Regimental Banjo Band came to a close.

THE BANJEURINE

AND

Banjo and Guitar Clubs.

THIS instrument has not been seen much in this country, although its importance for quartette and club use has long been recognised in the United States, and we are the first to publish music to be played on it.

The banjeaurine occupies the post of first violin in the banjo and guitar orchestra. In our own amateur banjo and guitar club, we make use of ten, three of them being entrusted to the manipulation of ladies.

It is an instrument of the ordinary banjo construction with an arm ten inches long and a thirteen-inch hoop made very strongly to stand the immense strain of so large a vellum. This large hoop mellows the sound, and while very clear and penetrating, the tone is at the same time sweet and full. It renders the part allotted to the first banjo doubly effective, and imparts a depth to the accompanying instruments that would be lacking were the melody to be played in exactly the same register as the accompaniment.

It is tuned a fourth higher than the ordinary banjo, *i.e.*, 1st G, 2nd E, 3rd C, 4th F, or more often G, 5th octave C. Our readers will see this is what an ordinary banjo would show if barred at the fifth fret.

The music for the banjeaurine is therefore, of necessity, written in a different key to that of the other instru-

ments in the orchestra, namely, a fourth higher. When the banjeaurine is played in the key of G, it really sounds in the key of C, or when played in the key of C, it is really in the key of F, and so on.

We are making a specially low-priced banjeaurine, the "Imperial," to get it taken up for banjo clubs, and already several of our up-to-date friends in the provinces have speculated in them, and are starting clubs, which we hope some day to have the pleasure of hearing in friendly rivalry with our own.

In America, very handsome prizes are offered with various clubs to compete for, and if they can, why should not we?

The banjeaurine is very easy to play, as the stretches become so trifling, and its part seldom extends beyond the twelfth fret.

It is most often used with the bass elevated, which allows of some charming harmonies being used, which would be difficult were the string tuned to F.

If some of our readers were to get banjeaurines, and try the effect of "The Badminton March," for example, with a couple of banjos and a guitar, we are sure they would be both surprised and delighted with the effect produced, and would not rest satisfied until they had mastered the whole *répertoire* of club music.

Nothing tends so much to keep the interest alive as a banjo club, for it enables all degrees of players to unite in one harmonious whole. The subordinate parts, though less difficult, are none the less important, and the experience in time and expression thus acquired, proves very useful for solo work. From practical experience, we know the tendency is to play rather more rapidly than is consistent with a really perfect performance, and therefore the restraint necessarily exercised is very beneficial.

We shall at all times be pleased to answer any questions in these columns propounded by those of our readers who find anything barring their progress, and we hope that our column relating to banjo bands and clubs will soon be very full and interesting.

CLIFFORD ESSEX.

"THE PIERROT BANJO TEAM" gave two most successful concerts at the Public Hall, Sunninghill, on the afternoon and evening of the 9th inst. On each occasion the Hall was crammed, and encores were demanded more frequently than time allowed. Sir George Pigott made a most genial and efficient stage manager, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Needham was ubiquitous, and did everything possible for the comfort of the artistes.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THIS is what one of the American banjo journals say: "Never before has there been so great an interest manifested in banjo playing as at the present time. In all the large cities and towns there are banjo and guitar clubs. Truly, indeed, has the banjo come to stay a long time."

* * *

ALFRED A. FARLAND seems to be coming to the front in America as a soloist. Among the pieces he recently gave in Toronto, Canada, were "Allegro Vivace" from "William Tell," Moskowski's "Spanish Dances," Schubert "Serenade," "Gipsy Rondo," by Haydn, and "Grande Valse Brillante," Chopin, *op.* 18. He makes use of an ordinary eleven-inch fretted gut banjo, and his playing seems to create both wonder and admiration whenever he plays

* * *

E. M. HALL, whom many of our readers may remember when he was over here with Haverley's Minstrels, is now teaching the banjo in Chicago.

* * *

BROOKS & DENTON writes us that the banjo is going strong in New York. They appear to have abandoned the idiotic manner of writing music for the banjo a third lower than it is actually played. We have wondered why the Americans, so go-ahead in most things, have clung to this absurdity, for which they can offer no valid excuse.

* * *

GEORGE ROSS, of Philadelphia, who called at the studios many times when over here last winter, has been exploiting the banjo at the World's Fair with great success.

"MANDOLINATA," which has been unavoidably omitted in this issue, owing to great pressure on our space, will be a characteristic feature of subsequent numbers.

* * *

MANDOLINISTS will appreciate the exquisite little fragment played on that instrument in the "Turkish Lullaby"—one of the most musicianly numbers in Meyer Lutz's excellent score.

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MANDOLINISTS also note that their instrument is used to accompany Miss Yohe in her most refined solo in "Little Christopher Columbus." The title of the song is "Lazily slumber."

THE BANJO INSTALLED.

PEOPLE often speak of the "Banjo Craze," and say, "the Banjo seems very fashionable just now," etc. Let us emphatically state that we do not admit that there is a "Banjo Craze" at all. The banjo is now popular and deservedly so. Why? Ten years ago, the only kind of instrument procurable was the old "tub banjo," remarkably like a warming pan, whose very appearance suggested "burnt cork" and a vulgar type of comic song, and then the twangy thing was done with. Nothing in the world could ever have made *that* apology for an instrument popular, but thanks to such men as E. M. Hall, the Bohee Brothers, E. French and Alfred D. Cammeyer, who have come over from America and shown us what can be done on a really carefully constructed musical instrument in the shape of a banjo, the case has been quite altered.

Little wonder that many people were found sufficiently unprejudiced to essay whether they themselves could not rival these great exponents of the beautiful stringed melody maker. That this has been the case, we have ample proof. Who could wish to hear better banjo playing than that of Mr. Ralph Silber or Miss Alice Walkinshaw, both of whom render the most difficult pieces with the greatest facility, and such expression that their playing can only be classed with that of the highest professional talent. Then again, the Zither Banjo playing of Mr. Harold P. Crossland, who has made Mr. A. D. Cammeyer his model, is widely known for its artistic finish.

We mention this trio of amateurs especially, as they have won laurels as the reward of their labours, all having obtained first prizes in Mr. Cammeyer's banjo competitions at Prince's Hall.

There are many others whose playing would convert any person prejudiced against the banjo, and we find that those who have brought it to any degree of perfection entertain a wonderful affection for their "jo." While the good fellowship existing among banjo players as a body (we only speak of amateurs) is proverbial.

The banjo will always be popular beyond all doubt, for it has everything in its favour, being portable, fairly easy to acquire, a good accompaniment to the voice, and a brilliant solo instrument. Of course it is even at this moment very little understood, (and this is its principal drawback) but every year makes a considerable difference, and we shall soon have it as general over here as in the States, where it has become quite the national instrument. We are doing our very utmost, by means of concerts here, there and

everywhere, to demonstrate that it does not require burnt cork and chestnut wheezes to make it popular, and if amateurs would recollect not to air their *ignorance* of it, but only their ability, it would make many more friends.

BANJO PICKINGS.

THERE is a Banjo Quartet in the first act of the new Gaiety Burlesque, "Don Juan." Zither banjos are handled by Miss Ethel Earle and Miss Aimée Mills, whilst the gut banjos are confided to Miss Violet Evelyn and Miss Lily Harold.

THE Stavordale Quartet, who appeared at Essex and Cammeyer's last Concert, at Prince's Hall, are engaged for Christmas week at Cheltenham.

THE German equivalent for the banjo is "die negergitarre." This is yoking the instruments together and supplying missing links with a vengeance.

THE Misses Perrett write us they are hard at work with their banjo pupils at Clapham.

MR. W. W. COLLINS is keeping the ball rolling at Reading.

THE "Darkie's Dream" has been played during the entire run of that successful burlesque, "Don Quixote," by Mr. Russell Walleth, and always encored.

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS gave a most amusing imitation of a banjo serenade in his duet with Miss Florence St. John in "In Town."

MISS ST. GEORGE has used "Wedding Bells" for her dance in the "Pantomime Rehearsal" on tour.

THE banjo is also well in evidence in the following successful pieces:—"Walker, London," "A Life of Pleasure," and "A Trip to Chicago."

MR. RALPH SILBER (the finest amateur player that ever handled a banjo), our readers will be glad to hear, is now quite recovered from his late serious illness.

MR. A. D. CAMMEYER has organised a quartette party that will take some beating. It consists of himself (Zither banjo), Signor Guerra (mandola), Señor E. Salmeron and A. F. Cramer (guitars).

MR. C. G. ASKEW is one of the most pushing teachers in the Midlands. He has organised Banjo Bands in Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, Loughborough, Lincoln and Sheffield. We wish him all success.

THEY commence operations with "Badminton," "Zouave," and "Baïser d'Amour."

MR. A. I. SCHOFIELD has a Banjo and Guitar Band in Manchester, of which we hear good accounts.

MESSRS. BARNES & MULLINS are to the fore at Bournemouth with a similar combination.

MR. JOE MORLEY, whose first published piece of music appears in this number, is a player and composer of great ability. The rapidity and correctness of his fingering is really wonderful. We are glad to be the means of introducing this smart player to the Banjo world.

THE "Pierrot Banjo Team," which Mr. Clifford Essex started three years ago, has done much to popularize the Banjo. This year, at Cowes, Mr. Clifford Essex added to his large list of fair pupils, Mrs. Cornwallis-West and Mrs. Cecil Leigh.

WE are glad to hear Mr. Cyril Burnand has taken up his banjo again, and tells us he has written a couple of real good things.

MR. HORACE SOMERTON is hard at work with a large connection at Finsbury Park.

MR. W. H. MACDONALD has started a large class of "joists" at Macclesfield, and writes us that the "jo" has now a firm hold in that vicinity.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF E. & C.'s LATEST BANJO PUBLICATIONS.

- 1 **CIGARETTE POLKA** (a). *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
A bright, lively piece, mainly written on three strings.
- 2 **BLUE EYES** (a). Song and Dance. *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
A dainty and effective composition, yielding a maximum of effect from a minimum of labour.
- 3* **MINUET** (a). Second Edition. *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
One of the great successes of the A. B. & G. O. It has a true Handelian ring about it, and a charming accompaniment.
- 4 **DARKIES' PATROL** (b). The Original. *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A vigorous and lively march; never fails in producing an encore.
- 5 **DARKIE'S DREAM** (a). Second Edition (the Original). *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A delicious little air, has commanded the largest sale of any piece we have produced.
- 6 **MISSISSIPPI BREAKDOWNS** (b). Second Edition. *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A capital set of breakdowns, good practice for rolling.
- 7 **DANCING IN THE BARN** (b). Song and Dance (the Original Barn Dance). *Arr. by A. D. Cammeyer.*
Infinitely superior to its many imitations, it is ear-haunting and most pleasing.
- 8 **PRINCE OF WALES' MARCH** (b). *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A capital march, with plenty of life and go in it.
- 9* **BADMINTON MARCH** (a). *By Stanley Hill.*
The popularity of this march, originally produced by the A. B. & G. O., is so great that it promises to rival the best-known banjo compositions in the world.
- 10 **PIERROT WALTZ** (a). Also Mandoline Solo. *By Clifford Essex.*
This delicate and fascinating dance-measure has made a great hit at the hands of the troupe whose name it bears, and will do a like service to any banjoist.
- 11* **BAISER D'AMOUR WALTZES** (b). *By W. Newberry.*
So fascinating are these waltzes that they have completely conquered the prejudices of those players who were (incorrectly) of opinion that waltzes are ineffective on the banjo.
- 12* **MARCHE ZOUAVE** (a). *By Stanley Hill.*
A capital march with an especially swinging trio, which is meeting with great success wherever performed.
- 13 **ENTRACTE** (b). Mandoline Solo. *By Theo. Distin, Jun.*
Admirably adapted to the instrument for which it is composed, it can be safely recommended to all players.
- 14 **COCOANUT DANCE** (b). *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
A remarkably vivacious and invigorating piece, full of gaiety, sure to be liked.
- 15 **SPANOLA** (b). *Danse Caractéristique.* *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
A work in the style which Cammeyer has made so successful, thoroughly characteristic, and in parts quite brilliant.
- 16 **WEDDING BELLS** (a). Song and Dance. *By A. D. Cammeyer.*
One of the brightest and sweetest compositions this prolific yet always graceful composer has yet published.
- 17 **ESSEX JIG** (b). *By Alice Walkinshaw.*
Worthy of the Composer and of the master to whom it is inscribed, it will not fail to find a place in the *répertoire* of every player.
- 18 **SCHAEFFER'S CELEBRATED JIG** (a). *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A most showy solo, and yet extremely easy. Very fine practice for "rolling."
- 19 **ARMSTRONG'S MAZURKA** (b). *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
A fine specimen of this form of music which seems lately to have acquired a fresh lease of life in England.
- 20 **DETROIT JIG** (b). *Arr. by Clifford Essex.*
An especially clever jig, which will well repay the trouble of working up. It has no difficulties which cannot be surmounted by a little hard work.
- 21 **VIOLET MAZURKA** (a). *By Joe Morley.*
This piece will do much to make friends for a writer whom we have the honour to introduce to banjo players.
- 22 **SHANKLIN SCHOTTISCHE** (a). *By Joe Morley.*
Very catchy air, easy to read, and yet requiring sufficient execution to render it worth accomplishing.
- 23 **IN THE MOONLIGHT** (t). Barn Dance. *By Joe Morley.*
Another composition that "catches on" first time of hearing, and makes everyone wish to play it.

* Arranged for Clubs.

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